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The amusing ante-mortem repast of Harlequin, Columbine and Pierrot in the quaint harlequinade of "The Merry Death"

# THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS

## THE SUGAR HOUSE

A PLAY BY ALICE BROWN

*Cast*—In Order of Appearance

Sue Berry . . . . . Gwladys Wynne  
Mary Masters . . . . . Marjorie Vonnegut  
Dan Masters . . . . . Arthur E. Hohl  
Grandmother Berry . . . . . Miriam Kiper  
Bill Blaine . . . . . Erskine Sanford  
Alvin Greene . . . . . Robert Strange  
Christopher Wills . . . . . Spalding Hall

*Time*—The Present.

*Place*—A sugar-house in a New England wood.

## LOVERS' LUCK

A COMEDY BY GEORGES DE PORTO-RICHE

Translated from the French by Ralph Roeder  
and Bearice de Holthoir

*Cast*—In Order of Appearance

Françoise Desroches . . . . . Gwladys Wynne  
Marcel Desroches . . . . . José Ruben  
Jeanne, a maid . . . . . Jean Strange  
Madeleine Guérin . . . . . Helen Westley  
Pierre Guérin . . . . . Arthur E. Hohl

*Time*—The Present.

*Place*—A Studio in the Suburbs of Paris.

## A MERRY DEATH

A HARLEQUINADE BY NICHOLAS EVREINOV

Translated from the Russian by C. E. Bechhofer

*Cast*—In Order of Appearance

Pierrot . . . . . Philip Tonge  
Harlequin . . . . . Edward Balzerit  
The Doctor . . . . . Erskine Sanford  
Columbine . . . . . Florence Enright  
Death . . . . . Helen Westley

*Place*—The House of Harlequin.

## SISTERS OF SUSANNA

A FARCE BY PHILIP MOELLER

*Cast*—In Order of Appearance

Job . . . . . Erskine Sanford  
Samson . . . . . Arthur E. Hohl  
Chew, his secretary . . . . . Spalding Hall  
Myrah . . . . . Helen Westley  
Zillah, Samson's wife . . . . . Mary Coates  
A Scholar from the East . . . . . Ralph Roeder  
A Traveler from the West . . . . . Robert Strange

*Time*—Shortly after the trial of Susanna as recorded in the Books of the Apocrypha.\*

*Place*—The Garden of Myrah's Pavilion in the Suburbs of a Biblical City.

\*In the renaissance of interest in biblical literature the story of Susanna seems to have been scathingly neglected. Therefore the following needs no apology. Note:—As recorded in the doubtful Books of the Bible, Susanna as she sat bathing in her garden became the object of the admiration of two old men, who being repulsed, assailed her virtue; and the matter coming into the courts of law, a famous trial ensued.

The Washington Square Players opened their regular season at the Comedy Theatre, their new home, presenting four plays, all of which were unusual and interesting.

The first of these, "The Sugar House," is of a serious character, with a simple yet gripping theme of the young wife of a backwoodsman, saving from the vengeance of the villagers, a frivolous girl with whom her husband had become infatuated. "Lovers' Luck," translated from the French, is most Frenchy in spirit.

A specimen of the piquancy of the dialogue is shown in the extract which follows. "The Merry Death," from the Russian, is a quaint harlequinade with a beautiful setting. The last play, "Sisters of Susanna," is a satirical burlesque.

The costumes and scenery for the entire production were executed by The Washington Square Players' Shops, and are of the exceptional type made familiar by these talented players.

## EXTRACTS FROM "LOVERS' LUCK"

Marcel, a young artist, temperamentally reminiscent of "Anatol," is in conversation with Françoise his wife.

FRANÇOISE

Marcel, don't think I suspected you!

MARCEL—Relieved

Of course not! (A pause -- Then very frankly). -- Naturally, my dear, I don't always go where I say I do! -- Why should I distress you unnecessarily? But if you think I spend my time ---- as I ought not to, you're wrong. My bachelor days --- are dust! dust!

FRANÇOISE

Oh! Not quite --- You sometimes water the graves?

MARCEL

No, no, my dear. I'm thirty-five and getting fat; my hair going, and married --- fast married! Opportunities now are few and far between ----

FRANÇOISE

Don't be discouraged. Your luck will turn; a moment's enough, you know. In the twinkle of an eye ---

MARCEL—Woebegone

I've ceased to hope, Françoise.

FRANÇOISE

Poor Marcel! So fast married! --- Isn't God unjust --- calling you to be a landlord where you were only meant to be a lodger!

\* \* \* \* \*

FRANÇOISE

No, you won't deceive me --- I trust to -- my luck!

MARCEL—Lightly

That's so, you *are* lucky, aren't you, dear? -- Oh you don't know how lucky you are! ---

FRANÇOISE—Flirting

Don't I!

MARCEL

Don't be silly!

FRANÇOISE

I've had narrow escapes, you mean?

MARCEL

Yes -- occasionally --- There are times you know, when I forget that my happiness lies only in these mischievous blue eyes of yours, and I try other women. Off I fly, say for a fortnight, believing myself hotly in love, but, O Françoise, when it comes to the deed, why then Françoise, I slip away, I fade, I vanish, I run! Your luck, Françoise! I really don't know what else saves you. Sometimes a stupid remark by a beautiful woman; sometimes from your lips, a warning from Heaven; and sometimes, to tell the truth, a trifle, a perfectly insignificant trifle. For instance, last Wednesday I missed the train; so I came home and lunched with you. -- There you are -- it's luck; that's all you can say, luck --- your luck, Françoise!

